

The Last Halloween (The Death of Michael Myers)

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Summary: "Are you satisfied? Does the thought of killing everyone who had ever loved you, and turning them into corpses satisfy you, Michael? Their blood is on your hands, the blood of innocent lives, now on your hands and imprinted there forever, Michael. And as all journeys do, yours is about to come to an end, Michael."

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Warning: character death

Halloween Characters: Michael Myers, Dr. Samuel Loomis, Laurie Strode, Jamie Lloyd

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* * *

><p>In a boiler room not too far off from a nearby junior high school, the aged 60 year-old Michael Myers sat. He knew that he was going to die soon, and he knew that he couldn't try to kill anymore, or else he might actually die. He also knew that he was no longer a victim of the curse of Thorn, he had killed all of his family members, including Laurie Strode and Jamie Lloyd, his sister and niece, respectively. He then looked around the room, there was graffiti all over the walls, presumably from students at the junior high.<p>

All he did for quite a while was sit on a piece of wood that somebody had left down there, and sat as still as possible, continuing to try to contemplate the fear he was beginning to feel. He had a fear of dying, especially because he had almost died quite a few times over the past 30-50 years. All of a sudden, he heard a voice that sounded like the deceased Dr. Loomis. "Michael." The voice said. He sat up almost immediately, knowing that Loomis was dead and he couldn't have come back as a ghost, or at least as far as he had known.

He looked around the room, looking for whoever had spoken. "Can you hear me, Michael?" The voice asked, unsure if Michael was listening. Michael nodded his head just a little bit, and the voice continued to speak. "It's time. Your time, Michael, has finally come. Don't fight it, Michael. You spent a lifetime trying to defeat the darkness that was in your very soul, but now, that very darkness is killing you, isn't it?", the voice paused. As soon as he did, Michael felt a sharp jolt in his chest.

'Loomis' continued. "A pity, Michael. A pity that you let this darkness consume you. You let it become you. And for what? Your entire family is gone now, Michael. The bloodline is severed, forever. How does that make you feel, Michael?" The voice stopped once more.

Michael had fallen to his knees, still clutching his chest as the pain began to spread to the rest of his body. He knew that he was dying, he was leaving this world and being dragged down slowly to the bounds of Hell, and to be forced to rot inside a corpse's shell forever.

"Are you satisfied? Does the thought of killing everyone who had ever loved you, and turning them into corpses satisfy you, Michael? Their blood is on your hands, the blood of innocent lives, now on your hands and imprinted there forever, Michael. And as all journeys do, yours is about to come to an end, Michael." The voice once more stopped. Michael was now lying on the floor, the pain had reached his legs, making him unable to stand at all, his arms and head were still completely useful, but he knew that they probably wouldn't be for much longer. He knew he was dying slowly, and that once the 'Loomis' voice stopped talking entirely, he would already be in Hell.

The voice continued. "It hurts, doesn't it? You thought you could fill the empty blackness in your dark heart, Michael, with those monstrosities. But deep down, you knew better, didn't you? You knew it would never fill the gap that you left there by killing all of your family. However, you still fought it. The forces that have driven you for so long are gone, you are finally dying without them there to stop you from doing so."

His head was non-functional, meaning that he could still hear what

the voice was saying but could no longer move it. His vision was soon going to be gone, and he would only be able to hear the voice that he knew was probably in his head.

"What was it that kept you going? The Thorn curse. It's too late now, though. The very forces that made you what you are today are now the source of your demise. Quite poetic, isn't it? A fitting end, to a terrible and horribleâ€¦nightmare." At this moment, Michael let out a terrible shriek that only could be heard in the walls of the room. Only he really knew that he was about to die forever, and only be burning in Hell, away from civilization. Knowing himself however, he could easily become Satan.

Now, the voice spoke its final words. "Everyone who you've killed's soul, can now rest in peace. Farewell, Michael." With that, Michael fell to the ground with a thud, just barely being able to take off his mask before he fell with the mask in hand. Michael Myers, he knew, was finally dead. Nobody was there to resurrect him, nobody was there to save him.

Haddonfield, Illinois was completely safe now, the only thing that could really plague them now was the memories of what Michael had done but in a few years' time, almost nobody will remember Michael Myers and they will be finally truly safe. A nearby sheriff had heard Michael's shriek and ran to the room to investigate. As soon as he ran in with a few other police officers, he saw Michael Myers on the ground with his mask off and his eyes closed. He knew, the monster was dead.

"Get the coroner down here. Tell him it's Michael Myers, he's finally dead." The sheriff ordered one of the police officer as he walked over to Michael's body and said a few last words to the dead psychopath. The sheriff said, "I know what plagued you, I know why you committed your crimes and I just want to say that I'm sorry you had to kill your family, that you were driven by such forces. I'm sorry, rest in peace, Michael."

With that, the sheriff walked out of the room as Michael was in hell, burning over and over again, never to be seen by any living person anywhere, and hopefully, this would be his last Halloween.

End
file.